

There's probably no good reason to take the trip on foot, but railroads can be very fascinating. Millions of automobiles transport daily multi-millions of people over cement and asphalt ribbons that trace their histories back to convenience trails made by animals, Indians, or pioneers--who may or may not have had a good reason for taking that particular direction.

Greater distances and heavier loads wore out wagons, stock, and people. As the nation moved, a better method of getting it to its "destination" was presented by men of vision.

In 1807, President Jefferson's cabinet wrestled with the problem of how to hold together the great continental area of the new Federal Union. Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, asked advice of eminent men. Robert Fulton, of steamboat fame, suggested a system of canals. Benjamin H. Latrobe, architect of the Capitol at Washington, thought turnpikes the answer, but, in a "P.S." to his report, mentioned and dismissed the single horse-drawn wagons in England that moved upon rail roads.

Latrobe's view was as short-lived as his time. His own son, in a few years, became chief engineer for the B & O, and connected the Atlantic seaboard with the Mississippi Valley. By the time the younger Latrobe died in 1875, the Federal

Union his father suggested be tied with "artificial roads" was bound by roads of steel.

Steel rails became the road that post-pioneers rolled on. It was apparent that one was no longer a pioneer if it were "easy" to get there. The forging of a road was a chore that separated leaders from followers. Once the road was down, the average man and woman would follow it to its end. Often the end of that road was nothing but the beginning of other roads that had to be wrestled from the countryside.

Where land was fertile and water abundant, it was convenient to settle and stay.

A network of roads covered the country and left only the waste lands to horse and foot trails.

"As railroads spread across the nation, vast changes occurred. In many parts of the country railroads were the pioneers, opening immense regions to farming, mining, lumbering and manufacturing. In older parts of the country, with the coming of the railroads, communities took on new life and a new outlook. Wherever the rails were laid down, towns sprang into being, industry took root, commerce developed, communication was speeded up, agricultural production increased, and land values were multiplied. Distance no longer was a barrier to trade. Railroads founded and developed new markets for producers, new sources of supply for consu-

mers." [*Outlook for the Railroads*, Poyntz Tyler, H. W. Wilson Co., NY)

Success in traversing the nation by rail inspired many smaller entrepreneurs to develop local rail lines. The smaller companies thrived if their service remained in demand, or they demised when supporting enterprises ceased to function. At times trunk lines were absorbed by more powerful outfits that either improved those sections or let them die. Some lines were completely abandoned and times and needs removed the rails and ties, and weeds grew.

It was in 1916 that the railway mileage reached its peak--254,000 miles. Since that time the mileage has dropped to about 220,000 miles. The system has not retrogressed, but unification, coordination, and consolidation has been occurring. Just recently we heard of the merger of three large companies, and even more recently the nation's legislature has entered the scene to solve railroad personnel problems that could result in millions of dollars in losses for the railroads and their dependent patrons. "All major systems today are made up of what were once scores, or even hundreds, of separate and distinct railway properties."

When Heber Valley residents get a chance to listen, they hear today what everyone used to hear commonly--the sound of the steam whistle. If residents look

down on the valley from vantage points, they might also see the steam and smoke from chugging railroad engines as they pull cars full of people on a short trip from the station at Old Heber City's rail head to Bridal Veil Falls down Provo Canyon.

From Deer Creek Reservoir Dam down the canyon, the railroad winds with the asphalt. At times the roads are hidden from each other. Once they cross when the railroad seeks the lower level, and at one point the tracks cross on a trellis bridge that is picturesque enough for photographers to click shutters.

It is from the rail head to the canyon head that this photo essay is drawn. The common is never appreciated, but the stranger has an eye open to differences. Possibly, through his eyes we can see what we have looked at for years.

All roads have their followers, so following the Heber Creeper road we see what the engine has seen. There is no train on the track. There is no engineer to toot his whistle, no conductor to shout, "All aboard," nor to punch our tickets. There is no "clickity-clack" of steel wheels crossing rail ends. No smoke, no steam, no sound. There is the hardness of steel rails that glisten in the bright sun. There are tough, old ties,

creosoted years ago to forestall the rot, and there are the rocks that bed the rails and ties. That is what man has put down on the grade he has carved or built up. That is a railroad.

There's probably no good reason to take the trip on foot, but vagabonds, bums, and hoboes--"knights of the road"--knew the roads as well as the Jerry gangs. Along the trails they set their camps, staying no longer than the arrival of the next freight that would take them to their dreamed endeavor. With highways more numerous than railroads and jobs more plentiful than during "hard times," few "knights" ride the rails. Some tracks will never see that kind of traveler again--aboard or afoot. But, there is the fascination of what the track represents.

From the station one heads south. A country road parallels the track until the two roads angle away from each other. The track heads straight and disappears between willows and cottonwoods. The bed lies feet above the level of the right-of-way which is choked with weeds in all their glory. Burrs, seeds, and flowers greet the wanderer. Waste from dining cars litters the gullies. No one is there to take offense. The grasshoppers flee in profusion--they are the only ones to complain of the adventurer's passage.

Casperville is passed. No station. No stopping. A

bend in the track directs the road due west and out over the bridge that spans Spring Creek and the Provo River before they enter Deer Creek Reservoir at the north end. Across the highway to Midway, the road skirts the floodlands and eases by Wasatch State Park and enters the area where tourist never travels--unless he is aboard one of the runs to the canyon.

This is the side of the reservoir that few people utilize. There are no towns, hotels, restaurants, nor rest-rooms. Here the mountains begin to pile up, and ravines spew their alluvial fans beachward. Small hills are cut by the road and bare rocks bake in the sun while poor soil continues to support sage, wild flowers, and ready weeds.

The tracks turn and wind along the foothills that sometimes dip their toes steeply into deep waters or reedy shallows.

One riding might wish to scour the brush nearby, but the foot traveler would prefer the rocky road, the ties, and the rails. There is no refuge in either direction, and the silver rails lead to the only civilized solution for the night's rest.

The bed passes over culverts that direct drainage water to lower levels. Fishermen walk the right-of-way to spots they know to be good. These are the only persons that walk the railroad nowadays. Signs indicate that motor vehicles

Therefore likely to be in the semi-desert ranges such as Utah's Stansburys, Sh-procks, Book Cliffs. The ffd, with black banded il, is the other most likely ouse you will see in the wer aspen belt. There is not enough space ere to advise elk hunters ow to score. It's a massive



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the law. The law is to have the animal properly vaccinated, licensed and not running at large.

The frustration is that very often, the citation is dismissed in the J.P. Court, and the dog continues to run at large.

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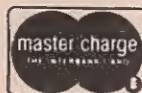
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